

From Edmund Quincy
to Caroline Weston

part of letter

the last missing Deakham July 9. 1843.

My Dear Caroline:

Although you have not condescended to notice my last effusion, which preceded my visit to New Bedford, still, as humility is the badge of all my tribe, I suppose that you will nevertheless like to hear from me again - for my humility is the more remarkable ~~at~~ this instance, because I have nothing to say. my time, since that very pleasant visit, has been spent pleasantly, but quietly, enough. It has been one of those peaceful periods which afford but small scope for the eloquence of the historian. No more revolting have occurred. King James says his lawful sceptre un molested and the hapless conspirators are scouring over the earth of their hopes. Truly he is a new proof to the wisdom of the Chancellor Oxensterns saying, that it is marvellous ~~with~~ how little wisdom it takes to govern the world. I don't think that you have ever done justice to the intensity of his stupidity. And, indeed I cannot much wonder at it when I remember the reams of paper, the torrents of ink & the mountains of parchment you wasted upon him during the past year. O my friend & our delicate inuendol, our cautious penphrases, how we hunted on doubt, & hesitated on dislike, the exception being we took to let him understand the true state of affairs without blunting it out offensively - and how to find that he probably did not understand a single word we said! It is enough to make a justified saint swear like a trooper. And I don't believe he had sense enough to show our letters to W^r Child, who would have understood

them. Eating mutton cold & cutting blocks with a razor
is a trifle to it. There was a perfect mayonnaise & powder
wasted upon him. Richard D. Webb would have been thankful
for the crumbs that fell from his table - & I ~~Webb~~ suppose
he didn't know whether what we set before him was a
good leg of mutton or a crust of brown bread. Well,
hell! "he that have food will have much to answer
for!" I hope you were pleased with his article dividing
the word of truth between himself & the members of the S. &
C. in Boston, acting in their capacity of Managers of the
Mass^{ts} Socie^t! Maria seems to incline towards tolling
opinion & attack that he is someth^{ng} worse than a fool,
but me, charity holds out that for his contact with
considering him as ~~the~~ Adam in the Paradise of fools. I
gather that the upshot of the whole matter will be
the removal of the whole Flopper clique, - really as well
as virtually, at the next Annual Meeting, ^{my putting in} getting in
& Jones to stand for the Am. Soc. at N. Y. And then
the stupidity, if not worse, of Abby Kelly! She doesn't
approve a the conventional, parsoft! won't it have the effect
& discrediting the Am. Socie^t to have this work done by
the N. E. Convention! And then think of her being in
Hell^h without repairing to the grand central illumina-
tion in her golden own drawing room! I tell ye
what, my young friends, this living away from Boston
won't do. I'm half afraid that I shall hear of
you doing a saying some terrible thing before
long. I should not much wonder to hear of you going

about to get subscriptions for a new form for William R. Rappell. My only hope for you consists in the continual magnetic communication of letters (some of which - mine at least may throw you into no unnatural sleep) which is kept up between you & Lucius H. You should be careful every night, before you say your prayers, to repeat some Creed so as to have it fresh in your minds. "There is one God & Ignatius is his prophet. The chief end of man is to glorify the Boston Clipse & enjoy it forever. I believe the Boston Clipse to be infallible & that it can ^{not} do, think nor say any wrong thing. It is the duty of every true believer to make an Annual Pilgrimage ^{at least} to No 39 Summer St. - and the oftener it is made the more gracious his estate. If I have ever presumed to differ from the Boston Clipse in opinion or action I do confess that I was therein a miserable sinner deserving of everlasting frying. &c &c" You can complete the creed from your own knowledge & experience. This should be repeated on your knees with your faces turned towards "the Person of the Mind" You will find great comfort & edification therefore. ~ The Hundred Conventions seem to well on foot. Anna tells me that Remond has consented at last to receive the insignificant sum of \$1000 per annum. & to go into the field. This victory was all Maria's own. She may truly say "Alone I did it!" "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war." I am glad of her success - though Remond did behave like a simpleton in the matter - for I have no doubt he will do a good work. ^[Dame Monroe] Collins, however, will have to part him & Maria in separate bags - for I suppose you know R. wouldn't

Steak & Mr. after his ridiculous speech about his & Foster
quarrelling what should be the painted line. By the way
I wonder whether the latter has will carry the Green
Lally Brown with him to the Southern fields. Why not
I hope an A. S. Agent may carry his baggage about with
him. I trust however, she will not keep him in debt
brown study as she did at New Bedford - for I think
there was truth as well as partial in Mrs. Emerson's
complaint that the N. B. friends should have to pay ^{his} ~~expenses~~
~~expenses~~. Colliers came directly from New Bedford to Deacon
Fee seemed quite well & in good spirits & gave good assurance
of you two. Upon taking leave I begged to know when we
should meet again. Upon which he replied "Probably
in Heaven!" Whereupon I, to comfort him, bid him, as
Dame Quickly did Falstaff 'not to think of ~~the~~ Heaven,
I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with such
thoughts yet." Were it any other man I should think
it very doubtful whether I should ever see him again
in the flesh - but he has contracted such a tract of
dysentery that he must be very dead indeed - have actually
gone to another world - before we can believe him to be
really near his end. Ever since he went to town last
winter, after his return from Ohio, after having been
at the point of death all night, for the purpose of having
a consultation of physicians, & then went packing off
the same afternoon - the thermometer below zero - to
Wrentham to extort a thousand dollars from
Abner Belcher for the N. Y. woodlot; I have had -